

LIEUTENANT BOWMAN.



IN FORTY-EIGHT HOURS PE-RU-NA CURED HIM.

Cold Affected Head and Throat —Attack Was Severe.

Chas. W. Bowman, 1st Lieut. and Adjt. 4th M. S. M. Cav. Vols., writes from Lanham, Md., as follows:

"Though somewhat averse to patent medicines, and still more averse to becoming a professional affidavit man, it seems only a plain duty in the present instance to add my experience to the columns already written concerning the curative powers of Peruna.

"I have been particularly benefited by its use for colds in the head and throat. I have been able to fully cure myself of a most severe attack in forty-eight hours by its use according to directions. I use it as a preventive whenever threatened with an attack.

"Members of my family also use it for like ailments. We are recommending it to our friends."—C. W. Bowman.

Pe-ru-na Contains No Narcotics.

One reason why Peruna has found permanent use in so many homes is that it contains no narcotic of any kind. It can be used any length of time without acquiring a drug habit.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of the Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio, for free medical advice. All correspondence held strictly confidential.



THE NEXT MORNING I FEEL BRIGHT AND NEW AND MY COMPLEXION IS BETTER.

My doctor says it acts gently on the stomach, liver and kidneys and is a pleasant laxative. This drink is made from herbs, and is prepared for use as easily as tea. It is called "Lena's Tea."

LANE'S FAMILY MEDICINE

All druggists or by mail \$1.00, and 50 cts. Buy it to get Lane's Family Medicine moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy this is necessary. Address, O. F. Woodward, Le Roy, N. Y.

HAVE YOU COWS?

If you have cream to separate a good Cream Separator is the most profitable investment you can possibly make. Delay means daily waste of time, labor and product.

DE LAVAL CREAM SEPARATORS save \$10.00 per cow per year every year of use over all gravity setting systems and \$5.00 per cow over all imitating separators. They received the Grand Prize or Highest Award at St. Louis.

Buying trashy cash-in-advance separators is penny wise, dollar foolish. Such machines quickly lose their cost instead of saving it.

If you haven't the ready cash DE LAVAL machines may be bought on such liberal terms that they actually pay for themselves.

Send today for new catalogue and name of nearest local agent.

THE DE LAVAL SEPARATOR CO.
Randolph A Canal Bldg. 74 Cortlandt Street
CHICAGO | NEW YORK

\$100 Weekly Easily Made

writing health and accident insurance; experience unnecessary. Write Bankers' Accident Co., Des Moines, Ia.

It afflicted with Thompson's Eye Water

Modern Hunting.

In shooting, as in other sports, thorough luxuriousness is now regarded by modern shooters as a prime necessity of enjoyment. They have their loading done for them, their birds are driven to them and in greatly increased numbers, their luncheon hours are devoted to the best in many courses of food and wine and they get home by motor as quickly as possible after shooting is over.—London Country Gentleman.

First Trade in the World. Two blacksmiths were once conversing as to which was the first trade in the world. One insisted that it must have been gardening, and quoted from Genesis: "Adam was put into the Garden of Eden to dress it and keep it." "Ay, John," retorted the other, who had stood up for his own trade, "but who made the spades?"

Produces Most Mica.

India is the leading producer of mica and supplies about one-half the world's requirements.—London Engineer.

Some fellows seem to think they are being well treated unless they are being treated every ten minutes.

The House

My dear house, my brown house,
Set round with living green,
Like a nest among the branches
Your levelness is seen;
Around your fairy casements
Pink roses climb and fall—
Yet in our hearts the dream-house
Is best beloved of all!

My dear house, my brown house,
How good, when day is done,
In your shelter safe enfolded,
To feel that rest is won;
Within your walls how softly
Slumber and silence fall—
Yet in our hearts the dream-house
Is best beloved of all!

—Elizabeth Roberts Macdonald in New Orleans Times-Democrat.

THE LANE THAT HAD A TURNING

BY LULA J. POWERS

(Copyright, 1905, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

Miss Mary Jones was an old maid. Possibly if she had lived in an up-to-date town and been up to date herself she would have been Miss Marie Jones, a bachelor girl; but as it was she was simply an old maid. Pretty she had once been, and perhaps she was not far from it now, but who ever stops to think whether an old maid is pretty or not?

It was a bright morning. The outside world—God's world—was full of sunshine; the inside world—Miss Mary's world—was peaceful. To-day was her birthday—forty years of spring and sunshine, of cloud and shadow; and yet she did not feel old. She looked out at the beautiful brightness, past the nodding white flowers in the garden, past the dusty road.

Again she seemed a happy girl, wandering through the green woods, floating upon the bosom of the lake whose waters were just visible from her window. She had not been alone then, and every tender word he had spoken was dear to her even now. The flowers they had gathered together had withered, but their fragrance was still in her heart.

Presently the gate clicked and with a sigh, for only her God knew how lonely her life was at times, she roused from her day-dream and hurried out to meet a tall, graceful girl that was coming slowly down the garden walk.

"Why, Helen! When did you get back?" she exclaimed joyfully, taking the girl's hands in both of hers. "How good to see you again!"

The girl smiled down at her. She was tall and strong, and everybody loved Helen. "Only this morning," she said, indicating the soft cheek of the older woman and drawing her down upon the rustic bench upon the vine-covered porch.

"I have so much to tell you," she said as she loosened the strings of her hat and let it fall beside her upon the floor.

"I'll be glad to hear it, Helen," said Miss Mary, caressing her fondly. "You know that I am interested in anything that concerns you."

A smile dimpled the girl's face. "Well, we had an accident," she said slowly.

"Accident—what kind of an accident?" asked the little woman.

"Railroad," she answered seriously. "A broken rail dumped us down an embankment into a sand bed."

"Oh! Was anybody hurt?"

"Some had scratches and bruises, but we came out free, although our coach was turned upside down and I was shut in for two hours."

"Oh Helen!"

"Whom do you think was shut up in the compartment with me, Miss Mary?"

"Jack?"

"Jack? Oh, no," the soft color

flushed her cheeks.

"Why not?"

"Because he is a cynic, skeptical and full of unnecessary things, Miss Mary."

He was so gloomy and dull that I was more than glad to hear papa's voice once more. But—you know him, don't you?"

"I did once," said Miss Mary, her eyes wistful and shining, "but that was a long, long time ago, Helen."

Helen chatted on a little, then she arose to go.

"Is Mr. Vaughn—did you say he was married, Helen?" asked Miss Mary, summoning all her courage to ask the question.

"Married," Helen's dark eyebrows arched themselves prettily. "No woman in her senses would marry him. He is cynical, skeptical and full of unnecessary things, Miss Mary. Perhaps though, with a tenderness in her voice which Miss Mary felt, "perhaps had he married the woman of his choice—the one he loved and had a home and little children—perhaps he might have been different. He was disappointed in his youth, and it soured him for all time I heard some one say."

Helen was looking at the passion flowers then and did not see the pitiful little quiver upon Miss Mary's face. When at last she spoke she had apparently forgotten Max Vaughn, for she said, "Helen, do you ever quarrel with Jack?"

"Oh, yes, often—often rather he quarrels with me," said the girl promptly.

Miss Mary picked Tab up in her arms. "How do you make up—that is—come to an understanding, I mean?" she asked rubbing Tab's coat vigorously.

"Oh, I always begin," said Helen vaguely, "even if he is the most to blame, and then he gets sorry and it is all right again. Somehow the making up is, is nice, Miss Mary. I like it and so does he."

Helen kissed her and then left her alone.

Miss Mary walked slowly up and down the porch, her hands clasped tightly together and her head bent. "I was to blame some," she said slowly; "I was sorry and I ought to have told him so. It has ruined his life and spoiled mine." She looked out at the birds flitting about in the sunshine. "It was not too late to tell him yet, and he would understand."

She went to her desk and took up her pen. Miss Mary always put something of herself in all she did, so she wrote the one word "forgive" and signed her name under it; then she went into the garden and slipped a white carnation in the envelope. She sealed and addressed the letter, and a fearful of a change of mood she slipped on her garden hat and went and mailed it.

Two people watched and waited that week. Miss Mary watched the mails and Helen watched Miss Mary.

me, assuring me that everything would be all right in a short time, and pacifying as well as he could.

"He introduced himself, and tried hard to be agreeable, and as I had nothing else to do I talked to him. I could see it was very distasteful to him, and that he was cynical and morose in his disposition, but as the circumstance was he could do no less than he did. Well, after a few attempts at conversation, he just kept silent and I talked to him and he listened. I told him about this town, and I told him lots about you, Miss Mary—how good and true you were.



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Two people watched and waited that week. Miss Mary watched the mails and Helen watched Miss Mary.

At last it came. A letter containing but one sentence meant only for Miss Mary's eyes.

She smiled through her tears as she wrote her answer.

"Come, Always, your Mary."

Church was over. The notes of the organ fell lingeringly over the departing crowd. The glorious sunlight fell through the window upon a tall, handsome man, and a plump little pink-cheeked woman in gray with a soft light in her dark eyes.

Helen came down the aisle, her white dress trailing after her, and her hands full of flowers, followed closely by a stately young man, whose chief aim seemed to be to keep close to Helen.

"Miss Helen," said Max Vaughn, and there was gladness in his voice, "allow me to introduce my—wife."

"I am so glad," said Helen, kissing Miss Mary. "I like to see people find their own." Then she and Jack turned away.

There was tears in Miss Mary's eyes, but they did not dim their brightness. She was still Miss Mary, even if she was Mrs. Max Vaughn, and Miss Mary she would always be. "I believe," she said looking after Helen, "that she told me of you and you of me purposely."

"Of course," said her husband, kissing her, "and thank God that she did, my—Mary."

DOG MET ODD DEATH.

Thrust Head into Drain Pipe After Pigeon and Was Drowned.

There was mourning in the house of engine company No. 12 in Manayunk last night, says the Philadelphia North American. Percy, the colico dog, the pet of the company, is dead.

Percy came to No. 12's house four years ago in a big snowstorm. The firemen took him in fed him and gave him a bed. He never left. The firemen taught him tricks, and he learned to know as well as the horses what the sound of the gong meant. He was always on hand and raced ahead of the horses to the fire.

Yesterday evening Percy spied a pigeon on the roof of the fire house. He ran up the steps and out on the roof to chase the intruder away. The pigeon dodged into the drain pipe. Percy put his head in after it but he couldn't reach the pigeon and his collar became wedged so that he couldn't withdraw it.

If he barked none of the men heard him, and no one saw him on the roof. After a while it began to rain. The firemen below noticed that the water was falling down over the ledge instead of coming through the pipe and one of them went up to investigate.

The water had run down about Percy's head in the pipe and drowned him. When the body was pulled away the pigeon flew out unharmed.

A Statesman and His Pipe.

Mr. Stuart Cumberland, who has made thought reading experiments with many men of note, tells in Pearson's how he had on one occasion Mr. Chamberlain as a "subject," says the Pall Mall Gazette. At the outset Mr. Cumberland found that, such as Mr. Chamberlain desired not to "his thoughts kept straying to the mantel shelf. The mental grip, the unwavering decisiveness, which had been so strikingly displayed in the previous experiments, were lacking. I begged him to concentrate his thoughts entirely upon the test in question. 'It's no good,' he said. 'My thoughts keep going to my pipe. I haven't finished my smoke, and I really cannot concentrate my thoughts without it.' The pipe was on the mantel shelf. Mr. Chamberlain took it up, placed it in his mouth, and the experiment was immediately carried to a successful conclusion."

So It Is.

A New York attorney who had tired of the smart brand of office boy finally secured one who appeared very raw looking, but seemed willing to learn and mind his own business. One of the first of the tasks given the newcomer was the copying of a letter, and the employer noticed that the lad was carefully studying the first line of the epistle. The lawyer called the boy over and asked him if he had discovered an error anywhere.

"No, sir," was the reply; "but I don't see why you use this word," and the youth pointed to the last word in the first line. The line read as follows:

"Dear Sir: I beg to acknowledge the receipt of yours of the 17th ult."

"Why, don't you know what ult. means?" said the attorney.

"Yes," answered the boy, "it's what they say to soldiers when they want them to stop."

He Cheered Me Off.

"His words have cheered me off," they said. As he lay peace was lying. With folded hands, upon his bed, Beyond the stress of dying. He had no art to gather gold. He loved too well his brother. But, "Much I loved him!"—thus they told. Their thought to one another.

My Father, though this life of mine Lead through the valley lowly; Though half unwell the thought divine That Thou hast whispered wholly. Yet when I die, and visions soft Through my long sleep are pressing, Let fond hearts say, "He cheered me off."

I ask no other blessing. —Alfred J. Waterhouse in Success Magazine.

New Cotton Plants.

At the exposition at Melbourne, Australia, two new varieties of cotton plants were exhibited. The first variety, known as Caravonica I, produces a linen-like cotton, the estimated value of which is said to be 20 cents a pound. The other variety is known as Caravonica II, and produces a silky cotton of commercial value of 24 cents a pound.

TRAIN STRIKES DYNAMITE

Western Express on Pennsylvania Runs into Two Cars of Explosives.

HARRISBURG, Pa.—An express train on the Pennsylvania railroad ran into a freight train in which there were two cars loaded with dynamite, at 1:10 o'clock Thursday morning in South Harrisburg, near the plant of the Paxtang Light, Heat and Power company.

Three terrific explosions that broke windows all over the city followed and the two trains were completely wrecked and took fire. It was estimated at 3 o'clock that fifty persons were killed and 100 injured, though these figures may be too small.

It is impossible to ascertain the exact number of fatalities because the wreckage is still ablaze and unapproachable, in which many of the passengers and some members of the train crews are pinned, and many small explosions occurred continually.

Immediately after the wreck all the passengers who could do so ran from the scenes of horror to safety from the incessant small explosions. The agonizing cries of the unfortunates were heartrending.

With practically no clothing many women and children from the train were compelled to wander about the fields, as there are few houses in the immediate vicinity of the wreck.

The train was the second section of No. 19. There were 169 passengers in the train and the latest estimate is that fifty were killed. The hospital is crowded to the doors and the hotels are being opened for the care of the injured. It may be necessary for the authorities to seize one of the hotels and turn it into a temporary hospital.

LATER—Twenty persons are known to be dead and more than 100 others were injured in the railroad wreck and dynamite explosion which occurred yesterday on the Pennsylvania railroad in the southern part of this city. That not more persons were killed is considered remarkable by the Pennsylvania officials, as a box car full of dynamite exploded directly at the middle of the heavy express train.

The train carried a number of prominent persons and most of them escaped with only slight injuries. The wrecked train was the second section of the Cleveland and Cincinnati express, leaving Philadelphia at 11:05 Wednesday night. It consisted of a combination baggage and smoking car, one day coach and six sleepers.

The scene of the wreck was visited by probably more than 50,000 persons. There were at least 5,000 persons constantly at the place. They came from all towns within fifty miles.

HARRISBURG, Pa.—Two more victims of the wreck of the Cleveland and Cincinnati express on the Pennsylvania railroad at South Harrisburg Friday, are dead, bringing the total number of victims to twenty-two. Two others are in a critical condition. Sixteen of the dead have been identified. The bodies of the others are so horribly charred and burned that it is doubtful if they will ever be positively identified.

AMERICANS LOSE SEVENTEEN.

Fierce Fighting Reported on the Island of Jolo.

MANILA—Fierce fighting has been going on the past two weeks on the island of Jolo between the outlaw Moro chief, Pala, with 600 well-armed followers, and troops under the personal command of Major General Leonard Wood. Pala's forces lost 400 killed, while the losses of General Wood are seven killed and nineteen wounded. Pala and his remaining followers, in accordance with Moro tradition, prefer death to capture.

General Wood, with detachments from the Fourteenth cavalry, the Seventeenth, the Twenty-second, the Twenty-third infantries and the constabulary scouts, have chased Pala and his followers into a swamp, which is surrounded. Pala was a noted slave trader and warrior when the Americans occupied the island. Later he escaped with his followers to the island of Pula Sekar, near Borneo. One of Pala's leaders deserted and took refuge in the British settlement at Lahad. Pala landed with a following and demanded of the British magistrate that he turn the deserter over to him.

NEW YORK WANTS FARMERS

State Agricultural Department Will Endeavor to Get Them.

ALBANY N. Y.—With the view of attracting to this state desirable immigrant farmers and farm laborers, the State Department of Agriculture is preparing to collect and disseminate information of the farm and dairy advantages which New York state offers. One of the several handicaps with which the farmers of this state have to contend is the scarcity of farm laborers.

For many years the State Agricultural department has observed that foreign farm hands and small farmers seldom settle in the east, but travel straight through to the west.

Speck Can't Go to Boat Race.

WASHINGTON—Important engagements will prevent Baron Speck von Sternberg, the German ambassador, from going to New York next Tuesday to witness the start of the Atlantic race for the emperor's cup. He will be represented by his counsellor and first secretary, Baron von Dem Bische-Haddenhausen, who left Washington Sunday night, accompanied by Second Secretary Robert Scheller, Steinhart and Otto van Etzel, the military attache. Commander Hans-Georg Hebbenhas is now in New York.

Somebody Says That—

When a woman asks a number of questions she is possessed of idle curiosity. When a man asks a number he is animated by a keen desire to improve his mind and enlarge his sphere of knowledge. That is just another one of the little differences between the sexes which ought to show a woman the utter impossibility of ever hoping to attain equality with man.

All the Letters in a Sentence.

All the letters of the alphabet are contained in the sentence: "John P. Grady gave me a black walnut box of quite a small size." Temperance typewriters will, of course, prefer it to the old standby: "Pack my box with five dozen liquor jugs." If neither suits they can try: "The quick, brown dog jumps over the lazy fox."

Elephant Turned the Tables.

Sir Frederick Saunders and a friend were out elephant shooting in Ceylon, when the friend, being surprised by his quarry, dropped his rifle and made for a tree. The elephant, being wounded, seized the abandoned weapon in a transport of rage. The rifle went off and shot its owner in the ankle.

Were Good for Both.

Pauling, Miss., May 15th.—(Special)—In this neighborhood men and women alike are telling of the great benefit they have received from the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills and it frequently happens they are the means of curing members of both sexes in the same family. Take the case of Mr. and Mrs. F. Erby. The latter voices the sentiment of both when she says:

"My lips cannot express too much praise for Dodd's Kidney Pills. I suffered with Backache and Female weakness for four or five years and I feel that I have been wonderfully helped by Dodd's Kidney Pills. My husband, too, was a sufferer for five years from a weak bladder and they also cured him."

Dodd's Kidney Pills make healthy kidneys. Healthy kidneys mean pure blood and good health all over the body. No woman with healthy kidneys ever had female weakness.

Plea for Light in Houses.

"Another mistake is to have too little light. Why darkness and gloom should be sought in any portion of a house where people must live, has always been to be an unsolved problem. Mysterious corners are in order in a cobwebbed attic or an underground cellar, but they are seriously out of place in a pleasant room into which visitors are ushered, and which is supposed to be a rallying spot for the family.—Exchange.

ITCHING SCALP HUMOR.

Lady Suffered Tortures Until Cured by Cuticura—Scatched Day and Night.

"My scalp was covered with little pimples and I suffered tortures from the itching. I was scratching all day and night, and I could get no rest. I washed my head with hot water and Cuticura Soap and then applied the Cuticura Ointment as a dressing. One box of the Ointment and one cake of Cuticura Soap cured me. Now my head is entirely clear and my hair is growing splendidly. I have used Cuticura Soap ever since, and shall never be without it. (Signed) Ada C. Smith, 309 Grand St., Jersey City, N. J."

Many Towns Named Washington.

Almost every state has a Washington. Washington, Ky., is one of the oldest towns in the state and almost contemporaneous with Washington, D. C. Its old court house was erected in 1794.

Private Car Lines.

The railroads seem very willing to have the private car lines brought under the jurisdiction of the Interstate Commerce Commission. A railroad president is authority for the statement that lines are paid mileage, without discrimination, and the question of excessive charges is a matter for the shipper to settle with the car lines, so long as there is no law to govern their rates. Car mileage paying has been decided to be as legal as the payment of rental for property.

If a man has no dust his name is usually mud.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces. We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circular, free. P. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

A woman's cleverness seldom extends to her heart.

Many Children Are Sickly.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children, used by Mother Gray, a nurse in Children's Home, New York, Cures Feverishness, Headache, Stomach Troubles, Teething Disorders, Break up Colds and Destroy Worms. At all Druggists, 25c. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Friendship's funeral-baked meats are cold shoulders.

Piso's Cure cannot be too highly spoken of as a cough cure.—J. W. O'BRIEN, 322 Third Ave. N., Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 6, 1905.

English Idea of Humor.

When two well-to-do English men or women laugh, it is obvious that a misfortune has happened to a third.